

Christmas in Europe



NO STOCKINGS HUNG HERE FOR SANTA

THE NATAL DAY OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE BRINGS TO MILLIONS OF HOMES ONLY THE MEMORY OF DEAR ONES FOREVER GONE AND THE GLOOM OF FADING HOPE.



By JERLE DAVIS.
WHAT a ghastly holiday Christmas will be in Europe this year. Millions of families in mourning, millions of women and children starving, millions of homes in ruins, millions of new graves, millions of dead men that haven't even the shelter of earth, millions of square miles of fertile land laid waste by war, millions of men killing fathers, husbands, brothers, sons and sweethearts.

Belgium, Serbia, northern France and Poland are a Hades of wreckage. In Germany everyone is living on short rations and turning all energies to the pursuit of war. Even the half-grown boys of France are under arms awaiting the call to the trenches. Austria and Italy and England and Russia and Bulgaria are pouring their money into the mill that turns out guns and explosives while the poor exist in the misery of semistarvation, getting their mite of food and fuel and clothing by taking their turn in the "bread line."

All of warring Europe's able-bodied men are soldiers in one capacity or another. In the streets of all the cities and villages of the continent—excepting the little neutral nations—one sees only aged men, veterans of other wars, and maimed men who are recovering from wounds received in this one. Everywhere are hospitals.



Schools, churches, factories, homes—every sort of habitable place is filled with wounded. And one of the most flourishing enterprises over there is the sale of artificial limbs.

Even from Asia comes the wail of sorrow, for Mohammedan Turkey is religiously slaughtering its hundreds of thousands of Christian Armenian subjects. News dispatches of the last few days describe the terrible plight of refugees—penniless, ragged, hungry, diseased, noncombatants and exhausted, beaten soldiers—who are sweeping out of desolated Serbia into Greece. We read of women with children in arms spending a month tramping through the snow-covered mountains, hoping in the end to find a little warmth and food and peace. We read of frozen roadways strewn with the bodies of those that stopped on the way for a bit of rest—and never went on.

None of the hundred million of us in the United States can appreciate the horror of it all. Some of our war correspondents over there have seen and heard, but none has suffered and endured as those who are a part of the conflagration.

Santa Claus will have a sorry time abroad this year. Fathers and mothers have neither the heart nor the means of commemorating the birth of the Child of Bethlehem and his mission among men. Of necessity they and their children will fast instead of feast—if there is any feasting it will be a feast of prayer and hope.

America sent no Christmas ship abroad this year. Why not? some of us may ask. Why not?—with the United States at the height of prosperity and blessed with peace. Perhaps because we realize what a horror the war is. A prominent newspaper man in one of our large cities—a man who had much to do with the success of the project last year—had this to say when the question was brought up:

"A Christmas ship this year—a boatload or two or three boatloads of dolls and jumping-jacks and red apples and candy and cakes and mittens and red-top boots for the kids of Europe? I shall not dwell on the fact that the warring nations have become much more deadly in their hate and suspicion and probably would refuse safe passage for the cargoes from one country to another. I shall not concern myself with the fact that the nations

embroidered look upon the United States as a greedy animal growing fat and sleek feeding on their life blood, and probably would return our gifts to us with curt "No-thank-yous."

"Instead I shall confess that I am weighed down with the hopelessness of the situation. Here in America we have all we may reasonably ask of Providence—considering our own sins of politics and social injustice. Over there they are cursed beyond the power of words to describe, and the curse will be felt for generations.

"Millions in Europe are dying in the agonies of starvation, cold and disease for want of food, clothing, shelter and medical aid. What a ghastly joke it would be in these circumstances for the richest and luckiest nation to offer those millions of pitiful children a little candy and fruit when they need milk and broth, mittens when they need blankets and clothing, dolls and toy trains when they need doctors and nurses and sanitary supplies. No, this is no time for polite mementoes. Let us concentrate on giving the only real help that would suffice and that would be welcome—peace as soon as possible."

Let us look upon the manner in which Europe celebrated Christmas before the war.

In France and Belgium on Christmas eve the barques, or booths, appear in the streets without hindrance, and are all ablaze with candles and glittering treasures, for every household must contain some bright trinket in honor of Noel. The midnight mass is thronged; the magnificent Christmas hymn is chanted everywhere, and then all is gleeful holiday for an hour or so, for it is Christmas morning, the peace-making morning of the world!

There is the boudin to be eaten, the calen, or Christmas lamp, symbolical of the star that guided the Magi to Bethlehem, to be lighted, the little croche to be exposed, and all happiness, all good-will to everyone to be expressed before retiring with the grand chorale of peace sounding in the ears. In the country the lads and lassies merrily drag home the buche de Noel, corresponding to our Yule log, which is kindled by the head of the family; the boudin must be eaten and the hot spiced wine sent round, and many a misunderstanding is made clear beside the Christmas

fire on this, the day of good will.

In Germany and Austria every housemother and every father makes Christmas the feast for the children, the great day of reunion, the glad time when all meet under the old roof-tree, and social customs prevail over religious observances. The Christmas tree is ubiquitous—everyone has it, rich or poor—and no one omits Weihnacht's Bescheerung or Christmas gifts. To provide these, the German people will, if need be, save up half the year. Each member of the household must have something as a surprise, generally serviceable presents that are often needed and always acceptable.

Singularly enough, the Christmas is not celebrated as one would expect in Italy. There the night of the year is less a religious festival than a fair. The world seems absorbed in delirious excitement, and all crowd round Pulcinello and divert themselves hilariously till the churches claim them for the midnight mass. But the fun goes on; they laugh gleefully, as only Italians can laugh, enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, but the celebrations are not home celebrations; it is a general, not a domestic, feast.

In Russia and Poland the children put their shoes filled with hay outside the door for the horses of St. Nicholas; and it is believed in most sections that St. Nicholas comes first on a preparatory visit ten days before Christmas to learn which children have been good. He leaves nuts and candy in the shoes of those who have been good, but nothing for those who have been bad, who thus know that they may expect no presents on the real Christmas day.

In Serbia and the other Balkan countries, at dawn on the day before Christmas the sturdy peasant proprietor dispatches his sons to the forest. On reaching the spot where the destined Christmas tree stands, the axbearer offers up a prayer; then he draws on a pair of gloves, takes a handful of corn, flings it against the tree, and says, "Good morning, and a happy Christmas to you." This done, he addresses himself to the task of felling, paying careful attention to the laws of the "badnyak," which prescribes among other things that all the cuts be made on one particular side. Once felled, the tree is carried home and leaned against the east side of the house, where it remains till evening. Then the wife lights two candles and places one on either side of the doorway, while the husband goes forth to bring in the "badnyak."

The master of the house now throws three nuts into each of the four corners of the room, saying as he does so: "In the name of the Father; in the name of the Son; in the name of the Holy Ghost—Amen!"

All night everyone remains gloating over the crackling, roasting pig, with an eagerness of anticipation proportionate to the zeal with which they have observed the six weeks' fast enjoined by the Greek orthodox church. By this time Christmas day has dawned, and on Christmas everyone must go to service.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO



Rt. Rev. Mgr. George W. Mundelein, S. T. D., the newly appointed archbishop of the diocese of Chicago, is only forty-three years old. He is deeply learned in ecclesiastical lore and lay wisdom, a linguist, and one of the literary lights of the Catholic world. He was born in Brooklyn in 1872 and comes of an old American family, his maternal grandfather having fallen as a Union soldier in the Civil war.

Bishop Mundelein finished his preliminary education in Manhattan college, New York, in 1889. He began his theological course at the Propaganda Elde in Rome the following year, and was ordained in 1895. He returned to his native city and immediately was appointed assistant secretary to Bishop Charles E. McDonnell, a post he held until appointed as chancellor of the diocese of Long Island. Pope Pius in 1906 designated him as domestic prelate, bringing to him the titles of right reverend and monsignor. In 1907 he was selected as a member of the Ancient Academy of Areadi, being the only man in the United States who ever enjoyed that honor. The academy is a purely literary body of the church. At its meetings the members veil their faces.

In 1909 the honorary title of bishop of Loryma was conferred upon Bishop Mundelein and in the same year he was made auxiliary bishop of Brooklyn.

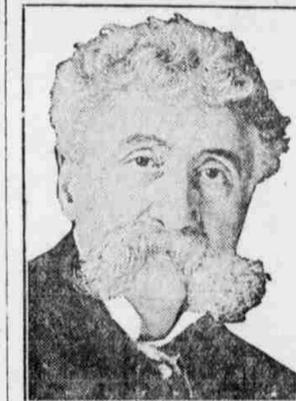
KORBLY'S NEW JOB

Charles Alexander Korbly of Indianapolis served his country and his party—the Democratic party—faithfully as a member of the house of representatives in the Sixty-first, Sixty-second and Sixty-third congresses. Then he was defeated last fall for re-election by a Republican. But his good services and his ability were not forgotten by the party leaders still in office and Mr. Korbly was selected for the position of legal adviser to the comptroller of the currency. In the last congress he was a member of the committee on banking and currency, and he is considered especially well fitted for his present position. The salary of the legal adviser is fixed by the comptroller, usually at \$5,000 a year, and is paid by the national banks.



Mr. Korbly was born in Madison, Ind., in 1871, and for several years was a reporter and editor of the Madison Herald. Then he went to Indianapolis and studied law in his father's office. He married Miss Isabel Palmer in 1902 and they have a family of four children.

HUDSON MAXIM'S HEALTH



Hudson Maxim's remarkably energetic and productive life is due very largely to his health, in the opinion of Eugene Christian. Mr. Christian describes Maxim as having been sick only once in his life, and this was due to an indiscretion in eating. The inventor's health is said to be due first to parental conditions. His father, Isaac Maxim, was a big, robust, hardy Huguenot. His mother used common sense instead of drugs for all family ills and he was early trained never to touch tobacco and liquor.

During his rearing the family table was supplied with substantial, pure food, prepared in an appetizing but homely manner. The table was divested of condiments, fancy desserts, sweets and confections, which are the things that contribute tremendously to the anemic condition of the pampered child.

Endowed by nature with a wonderful body and a big brain, Hudson Maxim has supplemented these natural forces "by keeping this brain and body clean." Complimented upon these sensible habits, he quietly said: "I know something about chemistry and why should I take into my body poisons that can do no possible good, but which are sure to reduce the building power of the blood and destroy cell metabolism? Why should I poison the blood that streams through my veins any more than I would poison the pure water with which my food is cooked, and which goes upon my table?"

CAPTAIN BOY-ED, TURK

Since Capt. Karl Boy-Ed, naval attache of the German embassy at Washington until President Wilson demanded his recall for improper activities, became prominent in the public prints, many persons have commented on his peculiarly un-Teutonic name. The fact is he is of Turkish descent, for his father was Karl Boy-Ed, a Turkish wholesale merchant who lived in Germany. His mother, however, is a German and the most popular woman novelist of that country.



Captain Boy-Ed is not only a naval officer and a diplomat, but also a ladies' man, an athlete, a club man and a litterateur. The clubs and drawing rooms of Washington and other eastern cities saw much of him before the war broke out, and he was looked on as a quiet and affable society man. But as soon as hostilities began he established himself in New York and devoted himself to aggressive work for his country.

Captain Boy-Ed was sent to this country by the German government to learn everything possible about the national defenses, and especially the navy. He never lost an opportunity to gather facts and make observations concerning the army and navy and their officers and men. He made many visits to Annapolis, and is in touch with what is being done there, and at all the navy yards and naval stations.

Not long before the war broke in Europe he completed a tour of investigation through the nation. It is said by persons who know him intimately that the German naval attache is better informed about the United States navy than many of its own officers are. He knows the strong points and weak points in it. He is familiar with all the coast defenses and all the other fortifications.